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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 225.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1913.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

WHY LORD CHOLMONDELEY WAS NOT INVITED TO COURT THE OTHER DAY.

POPULAR MARCHIONESS'S CURIOUS LIFE-TASK.

The London season is now in full swing, and the gathering of the clans from the Riviera and Switzerland has, as usual, revealed its quota of kinks in Society's armour of omnipotence. Amongst the smart people now forming the subjects of loud whispers over "the five o'clocks" is the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who had the misfortune to be married too young. Lord Cholmondeley does not look his fifty-four years, and he is "one of the keenest hunting men in England, a "man about town," and is credited with having set the fashion of side whiskers—a fashion which is not, however, destined to "catch on." But, although in the prime of life, Lord Cholmondeley has been a husband for thirty-three years, his wife having been a daughter of the late Sir Robert Kingcolt, who is, of course, as the daughter of "Nigel," very much of a courtier, and who has consequently made it the object of her life to keep her noble husband "within bounds." It has been a terrible task, however. Had he waited a few years before marrying, Lord Cholmondeley might have been a model of domesticity. But at nineteen he was "taken in and done for," and the result has been what might have been expected.

When the Marquis Disappeared from Court.

It was one of the ironies of Lord Cholmondeley's life that he was born with a birth obligation to figure at Court. As most people know, the high position of Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain is the birth-right of the Willoughby de Eresby family, and when the heiress of the twentieth Lord Willoughby de Eresby married an Earl of Cholmondeley she made things somewhat uncomfortable for her descendants. For the present Lord Cholmondeley was called upon at the Accession of King Edward to take his place for the reign of the Peacemaker as Lord Great Chamberlain, and so he figured at the Coronation of Edward VII. in that capacity. The Lord Great Chamberlain only figures officially at the Coronation, it being by tradition his duty to wash the King on the night before his crowning, to put him to bed, and to dress him the next day, in return for which services the Lord Great Chamberlain receives, or used to receive, the ewer and other utensils from which the Monarch cleanses himself, with the King's night gown—

presumably nowadays the Royal pygamas—and the wand which the King sleeps at Coronation time. With a wand, and in his Peer's robes and silk stockings, Lord Cholmondeley did his duty by Edward Rex at his coronation, and from that day disappeared from the near vicinity of the throne. And Dame Rumour has some funny variations of her original account of Lord Cholmondeley's retirement to the shires for good.

No More Seven-foot Wands for his Lordship.

Anyway, his Lordship was not particularly perturbed by the Quorn always had a much greater fascination for him than the Court. Lord Cholmondeley has been quite successful in keeping his honoured name "out of the papers," in the severely formal narratives of the Society chronicles.

When the present reign commenced, his Lordship's responsibility as Lord Great Chamberlain came to an end, and his post went, in accordance with the rule, to one of the two descendants of the Willoughby de Eresbys, who in turn the office turn by turn as the reigns change. And Lord Cholmondeley has taken jolly good care that there should be no more bowing and scraping and seven-foot wands for him and between George Rex and George Cholmondeley is no love lost. Society was, therefore, in no way surprised that his Lordship was not included in the invitation to the Marchioness for the Court the other night. The other Marquesses and their Marchionesses were invited, the Lords and Ladies Lansdowne, Lincolnshire, Crewe, Leinster, and Salisbury, but the Marchioness of Cholmondeley had to go alone, and make the best excuse for her absence that she could.

Servia Making the Amende Honorable to England.

By the way, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was wrong in saying that "the Crown Prince of Servia dined with Mr. Asquith" the other night. It was not the Servian Prince, but a young man who was never in Servia before in his life. Prince Paul Kara-Georgevitch, the nephew of King Peter, and son of that Prince Arsène Kara-Georgevitch—King Peter's brother—who has been fighting so valiantly in the Balkan war. This young Prince, who may yet be the salvation of the Dynasty of "Black George" in Servia, should the direct heirs of King Peter fail, has come to this country to finish his education at Oxford, where he has been in Christ Church, and is likely to make friends with the Prince of Wales, and do something to heal the breach which has existed between England and Servia ever since the murders of King Alexander and Queen Draga a decade ago.

It is true, King Edward, after some years, permitted the return to diplomatic intercourse between this country and Servia, but the relations have never been cordial, and Prince Paul hopes to be the means of removing the stigma from Servia. Beginning with the Prime Minister, he is not so badly. Having spent his life in Paris, Prince Paul is a charming young fellow, and has nothing of the "stigma" about him.

Why the Kaiser is so Angry with the Garrison.

There is a good deal more in the shammed indignation of the German Emperor with the military authorities of Strassburg for allowing themselves to be hoaxed, and the garrison out in honour of His Imperial Majesty's arrival, than appears on the surface. It will be remembered that "a man with a grievance," named Wolter, sent a telegram to the General of the Army in Strassburg stating that the Emperor was about to arrive in the Alsatian capital, and once the whole army turned out on parade, and after waiting for two hours in the presence of almost all the population of Strassburg—which has a population of 160,000, by the way—the General discovered that the Emperor was not within a hundred miles of Alsace! When the Emperor heard of this hoax he pretended to be much annoyed, and in demanding a report of the affair, wrote on the margin: "Should the Strassburg authorities to read newspapers to find out what I am!" This, of course, is all very well, but every one in Germany knows that there is another side to the picture.

Other Side of the Picture.

The German Emperor has for long been extremely unpopular with Strassburg. Forty-two years have passed since the city and Lorraine passed under the sway of the German Empire, but Kaiser William is still not loved in Strassburg, although millions of marks have been spent in the reconstruction of this beautiful old city. The Kaiser has even built himself a handsome palace in Strassburg, and a very magnificent university near by, in order that he might stir the Strassburgers to admiration for him. His efforts have proved a failure, however, and his rule in the Empire of over a quarter of a century has failed to win Strassburg loyalty to the Kaiser anything more than

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service. A crisis was for a long time inevitable, and it came last July, when the attitude of the Alsatian Diet to His Imperial Majesty's behests was such that in a moment of reckless irritation the Kaiser declared that unless the Alsatian Diet changed its tone he would incorporate Alsace and Lorraine within the Prussian Kingdom! And the Kaiser is never likely to forget the way he was "put in his place" after this statement. All over Germany protests simply poured upon His Majesty, for such a thing as the incorporation of Alsace within the Prussian Kingdom is never likely to be within the realm of practical politics while the glory of the conquests over the French which gave Alsace back to Germany—have separate and vigorous existences.

When the Kaiser Suddenly turned up in Strassburg.

For this reason Kaiser William is keenly envenomed against Strassburg. But his well-feigned contempt for the Strassburg military authorities over the hoax is all the more easily understood when it is recalled that the Kaiser himself once hoaxed Strassburg, and the fact has never been forgotten. It is twenty years ago, but it occasioned such a "fright" in the Alsatian capital that the military folk of that city have been upon tenter-hooks ever since. One sunny summer morning, while Strassburg went calmly about its goose-cramming and its goose-step—for all the best *pâtés de foie gras* and all the smartest goose-steppers in the German army are seen there—a man went up to the sleepy policeman on the railway square and handed him a message. It stated that the Kaiser was awaiting the army upon the Paraderie of Strassburg.

The policeman took the man who brought the message for a lunatic, and would have taken him to an asylum there and then but for the appearance of a smart aide-de-camp, who had been watching the scene in anticipation of incredulity on the part of the policeman. The latter, nearly bereft of his senses, at last took the message to the police station, from whence the General of the garrison was informed. What that gallant's idea of the message was we do not know, but he thought it as well to look into the matter; and, lo and behold, in the centre of the great manoeuvring ground of Strassburg was found no other than William the Second to None, waiting the appearance of the garrison.

Why the Strassburg Garrison is always upon Tenter-hooks.

His Majesty was supposed to be at the other end of the Empire, but it turned out that he had travelled to Strassburg in a goods waggon, in disguise, and had had the garrison turned out in this surprising manner in order to ascertain its readiness to take the field. It may be added that Strassburg is the strongest military fortress in central Europe, and owing to its being contiguous to the French frontier, and surrounded by flat country, should war occur between France and Germany, Strassburg would be immediately invested by the French, in the hope of their getting it back from Germany, which secured Alsace and Lorraine as the prizes of the Franco-Prussian war. But Strassburg has never forgotten how it was taken by surprise by Kaiser William twenty years ago, and this explains the ease with which the garrison was hoaxed the other day.

An Effect of the Shops Acts.

Have you noticed that since the Shops Act came into force many shops that never opened on Sunday before open on Sunday now? One cannot help thinking that in many cases the motive of the shopkeeper is to make good on what the law has compelled him to lose on early-closing day. If on that day he fails to early-close, he's in for sure and certain trouble; but, although it is just as illegal, strictly speaking, to open on Sunday at all, he runs little or no risk in doing so.

The Bishop of Lincoln says that in his experience the clergy are shy—not with the ladies, but in asking for money in the form of Easter offerings. If there really are clergymen who are shy about asking for money in any form or at any time, the species must be peculiar to Lincolnshire, having been discovered nowhere else.

Accessories After the Act.

The night joy-ride of John William Sallows and his female and male companions, in the much-advertised grey car, was enlivened by the knocking-down and killing of Miss Chillingworth in the "straight" over Hammersmith Bridge.

According to a constable, Sallows was driving through the darkness at from 30 to 40 miles an hour. How, knowing that "something had happened," he dashed away from the scene of the fatality with extinguished lights, how he succeeded in dodging identification and in lying "perdu" for nearly a month—his arrest only being effected after the offer of £100 reward—was all repeated at his trial at the Old Bailey for manslaughter. The jury acquitted him. "It is your verdict, not mine," said the Judge.

We question the accuracy of the rumour that the jurymen have interested themselves in a proposal to entertain Sallows at a public banquet, and to present him with a medal and an illuminated address.

THE SENTINEL.



"WHO GOES THERE?"

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST TO THE FULL YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

The fate of the capitalist system, with all that it means and includes, is to be regarded as sealed and settled, for the Hon. W. J. M. Watson Armstrong has declared himself "agin it," and published his Confession of Faith in Syndicalism.

On the consideration of the whole abstruse and complex problem of the relations between capital and labour he has brought to bear his personal experience of the wrongs and sufferings of the working classes (as son and heir of the millionaire, Lord Armstrong), his profound knowledge of life and things (he is a Cambridge undergraduate), and his weight of years (he will soon be twenty-one, and says that he has "always" been a democrat).

He explains everything, showing the world exactly where it is, all wrong and telling it how to put itself all right. Statesmen and philosophers can plead the excuse of ignorance no longer, for the Hon. W. J. M. Watson Armstrong has spoken. Other youths have suffered from very similar attacks of infallibility—and recovered from them.

Beefy Policemen.

The new Chief Constable of the West Sussex Police has wounded the tender susceptibilities of many of the constables under his control by expressing the opinion that they are too stout. He has hurt the finest, or fattest, feelings of their beefy human nature. The fat policeman lean to the view that their ponderosity is attributable to the healthy air of the Sussex Downs, and the relative thinness of their critic to the anti-fat properties of the Welsh air, from which he comes. They confidently anticipate that the "stuffer" atmosphere in which he now breathes will stuff their chief into a plumpness and rotundity resembling their own.

But what about the cooks of West Sussex? The constables whom cooks love they feed. If the fatness of West Sussex constables be a fact and a fault, shall not the cooks share the blame with the air? If the fatness be a physical virtue, as the beefy ones claim, shall not the cooks divide the credit with that fattening air?

Expatriation for Suffragette Criminals.

At question time in the House of Commons some few nights ago, Sir A. Markham, Liberal member for Mansfield, mooted a suggestion never before advanced save—repeatedly—in the columns of *Modern Man*; that suggestion being for the expatriation of Suffragette convicts as a last resort and in certain circumstances.

The repetition of this suggestion in the House, in the form of a question to the Home Secretary, was led up to in this wise: Sir A. Markham first enquired whether "these prisoners"—suffragist "hunger-strikers" serving their sentences—had entered into a conspiracy to defeat the administration of the law; whether the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown had been taken as to the indictability of the authorities for manslaughter in the case of any sane prisoner dying through refusing to take provided food; and whether the Home Secretary would propose legislation to prevent the administration of the law being defeated and brought into ridicule and contempt. Mr. McKenna concluded his reply by saying that he was not prepared to propose the suggested legislation. Then demanded the member for Mansfield: "Will the right hon. gentleman consider the question of deporting these people?"

Nothing to Laugh At.

The reports add "(laughter)", but there was nothing to laugh at. Quite seriously we maintain that expatriation would be a fit, proper and salutary expedient. We do not pretend (any more than Sir A. Markham could have meant to do) that deportation would prevent suicide by hunger-strike; but we do maintain that it would have peculiar terrors for those to whom we would restrict it, just as the prospect of the lash terrifies and deters, as nothing else does, another class of criminals.

Ringleaders, and Suffragettes found guilty for the third or second time of outrages of the worst type, should be sent out of the country and prevented from returning at their own will. Week after week lengthens the list and increases the enormity of the offences of the "militant" Suffragettes. In the persons of its weak administrators, the law plays into their hands. Bail is offered, the option of a fine allowed, minimum instead of maximum sentences are imposed, imprisonment is tempered by the ameliorations of second-division treatment, and abbreviated even at that as soon as the dear creatures find that "they don't like gaol" and "signify the same in the usual manner."

Women always did despise feebleness in men, and respect strength. The former quality is in large measure responsible for the continuance and the aggravation of the scandal of existence of the "militant suffragette."

"Tired Judges."

The Circuit System, designed to serve the ends of justice generations ago, has broken down badly under the strain of modern conditions. Alike in theory and methods, it is out of date. While in some places Judges on Circuit have little to do, in others and on the whole they have too much to do. It is officially recorded that King's Bench Judges on Circuit during last year, leaving out Commis- days and all days wholly or partly spent in travelling, 313½ hours more than if they had been sitting in London.

If only the personal interests of Judges were involved, this spasmodic overwork would not matter so much—but there are others. Justice itself suffers, or is always liable to suffer so. Re-organisation is loudly called for, and would not be difficult of accomplishment. The judicial Circuit System had better follow the old theatrical Circuit System out of existence.

Legal Whist Drives.

In vindicating the legality of partnership whist drives Mr. Sydney Burnett has placed thousands of people over the country, under an obligation of gratitude. He fought a plucky fight and won it; but at a cost to his pocket that he cannot afford, and we hope that his appeal for subscriptions will meet with a generous response. He is only a working turner at the Woolwich Arsenal, and his £80 is, to him, what he describes it—"enormous." The only help he received all through from the Whist Drive Protection League was three guineas, and his £80 is excluded of this small sum. He refused the option of having his case tried at the police court, where the costs would have been very little, and insisted on making an expensive test of it at the Old Bailey. It is to be hoped that the police will have more time now to devote to things that matter.



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE HEADMASTER"

FIVE READERS DIVIDE THE FOOTBALL PRIZE THIS WEEK.

A hard-working clergyman, whose cure of souls is in a poor parish in central London, has returned a refreshingly sensible answer to a question as to how far he found his people demoralised by any particular vice or evil habit. In referring specifically to "drink, especially among women," he writes: "The effect of late legislation, which keeps children out of public-houses, has been that women now drink outside public-houses, which is a scandal, and take more home than they used to do. . . . It is no use shutting up some public-house, for people will drink. The great need is . . . that pure drink should be sold, and that public-houses should be more like the cafés on the Continent, where all could go without feeling ashamed of going."

Law of the Road.

"It is not the duty of pedestrians to get out of the way of vehicles," sagely remarked Mr. Coroner Wyatt at a Camberwell inquest the other day—but all the same, pedestrians had better do it. It would be a waste of time to argue a point of law with the vehicles. "It is the duty of the drivers of vehicles to get out of the way of pedestrians," continued Mr. Wyatt, elucidatingly, "and not to drive over their bodies." Whoever said it was the duty of drivers of vehicles to drive over the bodies of pedestrians? They don't do it for duty, or even for pleasure, or to provide subjects for hospital treatment and bodies for coroners to "sit on." What really matters to pedestrians is that they do do it, and there is much to be said in favour of the prevalent habit of dodging the vehicles they drive, lest they should do, in the dodger's case, what it isn't their duty to do.

Sad and Glorious Story.

The sad and glorious story of the fate and conduct of the Scott expedition to the South Pole has stirred the heart of the world. Although in all probability there are snow-sepulchred secrets of detail that will never be revealed, there are few wanting links in the brave tale of what these lost British heroes of ours dared and did. We know the history of their deed and their death; and that history of our generation will be a heritage for the generations to come.

Captain Scott's Last Thought.

"Take care of Lady Hamilton," pleaded Nelson as he lay breathing his last in the cockpit of the "Victory"—and the shame of England's neglect is her shame for ever. "Surely, surely a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for" were the last-penned words of Captain Scott. It is well to know, as already it is known, that the care of those of whom he thought and wrote is to be the nation's care.

Was it Worth it?

In our admiration and veneration for the leader and the members of this gallant little band, in our patriotic pride in the reflection that they have shown to all the world that Britons are Britons still, we give place to none. But, thinking of what we have lost in losing these men, with all their potentialities of service, and putting at its highest the value of their record of exploration, we ask what none else seems to be asking—was it worth it? The question may properly and reasonably be extended to include within its application the martyrs of geographical research in Polar regions whose names precede theirs on the long scroll of doomed valiants. If we do not yet know all that is knowable about the regions that nature did her best to secure from our ken, is the rest worth knowing at the risk and price of its discovery?

Blackguards at Play.

Richard Lewis (38), Claude Clark (30), and James William Henderson (25) were convicted at Marlborough Street of being concerned together in wilfully breaking a glass, the property of the London County Council, and in wilfully giving (by night) a false alarm of fire. Mr. Mead characterised their offence as "monstrous."



A JOY RIDE.

Bella (very nervous) : "But I understood you had to have a license!"

Ella : Oh, yes. The final test is to take up a passenger and do fancy tricks ; that's how I came to ask you."

The result of their action was to bring out three engines without cause, and while the firemen were thus being fooled a genuine call might have come to which they would have been unable to respond—property and even life being jeopardised in consequence.

Quite so: and because "quite so" the rowdy miscreants should have gone to prison without the option of a fine.

French Sense of Sex.

The French are often referred to as wonderfully logical, but it is not always easy to see where their logic comes in or comes out. Regardez vous, for instance, the attitude of French juries towards all murderers who are shown to have been actuated by motives of "passion" or jealousy—in the Department of the Seine alone, by the by, crimes of this nature numbered no fewer than thirteen in the single month of this last January.

So hard has it become to get convictions in such cases, however clear the evidence, that a Bill has actually been drafted to reduce the punishment that may be inflicted to five years, to accommodate the consciences of jurors who may feel that no murderer or murderers can deserve anything worse whose victim has been an unfaithful or suspected spouse or paramour. But many such jurors will kick at imposing on such murderers any inconvenience at all. "Certainly it is true that madame ran monsieur through the body with a number of swords and several carving knives when she found that the poison she put in his glass after shooting him a few times with a revolver was working so slowly. But is it not that madame had heard that monsieur winked at the wife of the cousin of the gardener's nephew? Not guilty. Accept, madame, the assurance of our distinguished consideration."

The fact is that French "logic" gives way before the sense of sex that permeates and dominates French thought.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

MILLIONAIRE'S ADVENTURE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Cyril Rowe passed quickly along Queen Victoria Street in his electric brougham, for the hour was late, and the roadway deserted save for an occasional motor-bus. At the corner of Blackfriars Bridge there was a momentary pause, and then the brougham spun silently down on the Embankment.

The day had been close, but the night was cool and refreshing. Far in front, through the arches of Waterloo Bridge, Mr. Rowe could see the graceful curve of the Embankment lights, and for all of this he, in spite of his commercial instincts, had an appreciative eye.

He ordered his chauffeur to stop.

"Take the car home," he said. "I shall not want it any more."

He passed through the shadow of the trees and crossed the white pavement till he stood at the parapet, gazing down upon the waters beneath.

But Cyril Rowe was by no means inclined to athletics, and the fatigue of standing presently induced him to look about for a seat.

Presently a young man sat down beside the millionaire. Mr. Rowe took his measure in an instant. The stranger was obviously an artist. His soft hat, his long hair, his flowing tie, his thinness of feature and of person, were sufficient indications of his calling. Mr. Rowe, as he looked at him, contrasted his character with his own. The one was a man of action, the other obviously a dreamer; and Mr. Rowe thought what fools the dreamers were, for he had on several occasions made good hard cash out of the ideas that had been born in the minds of such.

"It's a beautiful night," remarked the stranger, "and the scene is just such a one as Whistler would have loved to depict. There is to my mind as much beauty in the Thames down here at night as there is in its upper reaches when the sun is playing on the trees and the pale sky is reflected on its bosom."

Mr. Rowe was by no means averse from talking, especially as the stranger was obviously not one of the type which frequent the Embankment and for the privilege of speaking with whom you must in decency pay a copper or two. Mr. Rowe hated the very name of charity, because it necessitated parting with the money he loved so much, but at this moment he was seeking distraction from the cares of business, and the empty babbling of the stranger was sufficiently entertaining.

"The scene is indeed beautiful," said Mr. Rowe.

"Some day," said the stranger, "I shall be able to do it justice, such justice as will bring people crowding to the Embankment to behold the reality of the beauty I have taught them to understand."

"Why don't you do it that justice without delay?" asked Mr. Rowe, with just a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"I must wait," replied the stranger, "for weeks at least—it may be for years. To paint with the glorious colour of the old masters, I must possess the pigments which they employed. Why should I try to rival them with our modern paltry imitations of their colours? I am at present engaged on a series of experiments which will, I trust, put me in possession of their secret."

"It is rather unusual surely," said Mr. Rowe, "for an artist to spend his time in making scientific experiments in regard to paints. I imagine, too—if I may say so without offence—that the experiments, not being immediately profitable, could land the investigator in uncomfortable financial difficulties."

"You are, I can see, a man of the world," replied the artist, "but poverty never held terrors for me. Art to me is life."

"Years ago when I began my investigations under the direction of Professor Dresden, I knew what poverty was, for I was working without a salary, and glad to have the opportunity of doing so under such an instructor. Then, as my inquiries began to bear fruit, I determined to come to London for the final experiments; I do not mind saying that since I have been here I have sold newspapers in the streets and have even begged to obtain money enough for the furtherance of my investigations. But that was several years ago."

"Since then I have discovered that, in attempting to produce the colours of the old masters, I have accidentally manufactured certain by-products which I am able to dis-

pose of with profit. I am not sufficiently interested to investigate their nature, for it is the colours I am after and not the by-products, but they are useful in supplying me with the necessities of life and with fresh materials for my experiments."

"For my part," said Mr. Rowe, "I should be content to have discovered the profitable by-products which you speak of. I suppose it would be impertinent on my part to inquire the nature of your process."

He felt that there was just a chance that the said products might be worth a good deal more than the artist was getting for them.

"It would be a long story to give you a full description of the process," said the artist, "but I should be happy to show you my apparatus if you would care to step up to Fleet Street and inspect it."

Mr. Rowe's curiosity had been aroused, for, though he had little respect for dreamers, he had great respect for the money that could sometimes be made out of them. He therefore accepted the stranger's invitation.

On one table stood a large steel globe, with many books and retorts. On a shelf near the door were several boxes on geology, and lumps of various rocks and metals.

"I exploded a charge just before I came out," said the artist. "It takes the globe an hour to cool down, but I think it should be ready now. I wonder whether I have at last discovered the secret of the colours."

He turned a dozen small thumb screws and removed the top of the globe, and the merchant noticed that a phurous smell pervaded the room. The artist carried the globe across to where the lamp was standing and examined its contents critically.

"No luck yet," he said, laying down a wooden stick which he had been stirring about. "Have a look at the stuff produced if you like."

Mr. Rowe took the stick and turned over with it the stuff lying in the iron vessel. One was very heavy, but he lifted it out. It was covered with brown earth, but Mr. Rowe had rubbed it smartly on the sleeve of his coat, and it gleamed bright and yellow.

"Gold, by heavens!" muttered Mr. Rowe. Then turning to the artist he said:

"I think possibly I could offer you rather a better price for this stuff than you get at present."

"You forget, sir," said the artist, "that I am not short of money, and I have no desire to sell the by-products where. Therefore if you wish to purchase the product I have selected I must ask you to give me ten shillings an ounce for it."

Obviously the stuff was worth £3 an ounce, and Mr. Rowe purchased not only this lump but several others which the artist had in a box ready for disposal. Altogether he bought two hundred ounces and handed the artist a cheque for £100.

"Damned fool!" said Mr. Rowe to himself as he went his way downstairs. "Fancy his not knowing what the actual profit which he knew he would make from this transaction, was a comparatively small matter to a man like Mr. Rowe's substance; it was the satisfaction of having got somebody that yielded the pleasure."

It was not till Mr. Rowe took one of the lumps to a wholesale jeweller on the following day that he was told the stuff was simply brass, plated with a film of gold. Mr. Rowe dashed off to his bank to cancel the cheque, but he discovered that it had been presented and paid before and that no questions had been asked, as the gold had been made out, at the artist's request, to bearer.

Then Mr. Rowe paid a visit to the house, where he learned that the artist had taken the room only for a few days and had left that very morning.

"If you are Mr. Rowe," said the woman who lived in the attic on the same floor and cleaned the offices, "the gentleman said I was to give you this packet."

Mr. Rowe opened the parcel and found it to contain a cell and a little bowl in which apparently lumps of gold had been gold-plated. On the inside of the bowl was written this message in black lead: "Never try to get the advantage of the ignorance of other people. It's easy to do a man if he thinks he's doing you. Thanks, and good-bye."

SOME OVERSEA HUMOUR.

Jack: Why, you're acting as if you'd like to be kissed!
Jessica: Why, that's not acting!
Jack: But you act as if you had been kissed before!
Jessica: Neither is that acting.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A TRAGEDY.

They stood beneath the mistletoe.
He knew not what to do,
For he was only five feet tall,
And she was six feet two.
—*Minnesota Minne-Ha-Ha.*

The reason some girls never learn to flirt is they can do best without learning.—*N. Y. Press.*

Chief Counsel: The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble.

Associate Counsel: The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune.

Chief Counsel: Exactly, and we must get at it.

CHANGE.

The watch chain father used to wear
Stretched right across his vest,
A-flashing very gaily there,
Somewhat below his chest,
Is now by inches much too small
And can't be well arranged.
The watch chain hasn't shrunk at all—
But, ah! how dad has changed!
—*Detroit News.*

He: Would you like a pet poodle?
She: Oh, Mr. Smith, this is so sudden!—*Yale Record.*

She: I was reading in some paper the other day that a pint of milk contains simply millions of germs.
He: By Jove! Well, everything is so jolly overcrowded nowadays, isn't it?—*The Queenslander.*

Mrs. Quiz: "I understand from Mrs. Moss that your doctor is no gentleman."
Mrs. Ross: "Yes; that's true."

"Oh, my! Tell me about it. What did he —"
"She's a lady doctor."

Bessie: Did you scream when he tried to kiss you?
Jessie: No; there is a poor man across the street who is dreadfully sick.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*



UNANIMITY.

The Approacher: "Could you spare thrippence, boss?"
The Approached: "For drink, I suppose? If I had my way there wouldn't be a drop of liquor left in the country."
The Approacher (with wild enthusiasm): "Same 'ere, boss! Them's my sentiments prezactly."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

CANDID.

"Don't you think dark blue suits are useful? One can wear them out almost anywhere."
"Yes; but I find it wears mine out at the seat."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

COSTUMES TO SUIT.

"This fashion journal says it is getting to be a fad with social leaders to dress in keeping with the theatrical performances which they attend."
"If they go to a society play, do they wear full dress?"
"That's the idea."
"And if the play is supposed to take place at an earlier period, will the society leaders wear fancy costumes?"
"Exactly."
"Ha, ha, ho, ho!"
"What are you laughing at, booby?"
"I was just thinking how funny they'd all look going to a burlesque show!"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

ON A SLUSHY DAY.

Boggs: That chap who just passed in his motor must be a politician.
Boggles: Why so?
Boggs: Didn't you notice the way he was throwing mud?
—*Judge.*



THE INCORRIGIBLE.—*Puck.*

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN." SECURE SHARES EARLY.



OUR WAR NOTE: "CHARGE!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

"Marriage at best is a gamble," says Miss Lillah McCarthy. Which means: head, you lose; woman, you win.

Some of the Suffragettes have been sending pepper in envelopes to members of the Cabinet. They evidently intend to bring each minster down to his sneeze.

The chief constable of the Sussex police complains that many of his men are too fat. The one thing that they can't arrest is corpulency.

"If a person is specially courteous to you, it is probably in anticipation of some reward," says Mr. John Hassall. Manners maketh man—richer.

The Missouri legislature are introducing a bill to prohibit woman from wearing dresses that do up behind with small buttons. Till women have the vote laws are sure to be made behind their backs.

Says a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*: "It is a well-established fact that marriage is conducive to longevity." Says a bachelor in reply: "No, life only seems longer to the married man."

One of the French motor bandits denounced the fingerprint system of detection as an absurdity. He has possibly been trying to make a good impression for himself.

"The art of the future lies with the amateur," says a well-known critic. This was also our opinion of the Futurist art.

Poultry advertises a "crammer" for feeding and fattening hens. Suffragettes object to forcible feeding because the Government is using "fowl" means.

Chemists are said to be the most suicidal class in France. They probably worry over their scruples.

The headmaster of Eton advocates conscription as an antidote for idleness in youths. Evidently he believes that the rising generation should be forced to fight its way through life.



HOUSES OF MYSTERY.

Behind London's Shuttered Windows.

If it be true that one half the world does not know the other half lives, it is unquestionably more certain nine-tenths of London's teeming population are unaware how their neighbours conduct themselves within the walls of their abode. Their lives are a mystery; frequently their homes are a mystery, and it is only very rarely the limelight of publicity is turned pitilessly on them. The reading public is startled for a day or two; then they are forgotten—but London's mystery houses still abound.

Recalling a Career in Texas.

When one walks down a London street one instinctively wonders what is going on behind the closed doors of the houses. Is this highly respectable house with the painted green door and shining brass knocker the residence of a circumspect member of the community, or does it shelter a den of infamy?

I have never ceased to ask myself this question since that day when I was walking down a fashionable street in company with a friend, and a man emerged from a house and commenced to walk towards us.

There was nothing striking in his appearance. He was no villain-of-melodrama atmosphere about him. He looked as countless other men do, but suddenly my friend clutched my arm.

"You see that man who has just passed us?" he whispered. "He is a man I knew in Texas, and he is one of the baddest scoundrels unhung. He has a career which would make any bad man of a sensational novel green with envy. I know knowledge he has killed three men, and I was in a saloon one night when he whipped out a revolver and shot a miner through the head, absolutely in cold blood. He calmly ordered a round of drinks before he got on his horse and rode away!"

Public attention is being directed to London's mystery houses this week, by the remarkable case heard before Mr. Justice Plowden in which a young student, the son of a wealthy merchant in Calcutta, is charged with stealing some silver spoons and half a sovereign from a house in Bryanston Square. The prosecutrix is a lady who conducts a picture-taking business from the address where the accused had been living, together with some seven or eight other Indian women, all assisted with the cooking and household work.

"It seems to be a remarkable place," observed Mr. Justice Plowden, "and I hope the police will prosecute enquiries into this mysterious establishment."

It is only a few weeks ago that an apparently respectable flat in fashionable Kensington was discovered to be no more than an establishment fully equipped with a printing plant, and where spurious Bank of England notes were skilfully manufactured. Not a single occupant of the flat had any suspicion that there was anything wrong.

Hot-bed of Infamy.

Readers will recall that twelve or fourteen years ago a seemingly outwardly decorous house in Bayswater, and the centre of philanthropic activity, was found to be a hot-bed of the most atrocious infamy, to which young girls were lured and ruined. It was conducted by the notorious couple, "The Swami" and "The Swami's Wife," two shameless and degenerate creatures who trafficked in the vilest of all trades under the name of benevolence, and who destroyed many an honourable name, until the law stepped in and the shameless couple were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

My Football Readers will observe I am making some substantial alterations in our Football Competition this week. As our Premier Football Prize has not been won this season, your Editor has decided to recognise his readers' efforts by considerably increasing the awards. Now is the opportunity for you to put your Football skill to the supreme test and capture a pension of

£5 PER WEEK FOR LIFE

What a chance! Do not miss it under any circumstances. You can get your parents, wife, sister or brother, as the case may be, to help secure this magnificent award. Even if you do not succeed in sending in a complete list of correct results, we offer

10/- per week for 2 years

to the person who is nearest correct. This true sporting offer of "Modern Man" is a record one in journalism, even the hardworking newsagent or bookstall clerk is not forgotten, for we have decided to pay

5/- per week for 2 years

to the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the coupon which is successful in winning the £5 per week for life. This is the chance of a lifetime for all readers of the good old favourite "Modern Man."

DO NOT FAIL TO TELL
YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.

NO ARBITRARY
CONDITIONS.

NO GOALS TO
PUZZLE OVER.

NO ENTRANCE
FEE.

YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY
COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

START TESTING YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL AT ONCE!

and remember the Awards are

£5 per week for Life to
Winner.

10/- per week for 2 years
to the nearest correct.

5/- per week for 2 years
to the Newsagent.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, February 22, and for the prize of £5 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £5 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for nearest to the competitor whose effort is the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.
(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches next Saturday, February 22nd. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.
(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it, addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 17 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 21st. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.
(4) The prize of £5 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £5 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.
(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.
(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.
(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 17.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 22nd. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

ASTON VILLA

BURNLEY

OLDHAM

BRADFORD

READING

LIVERPOOL

SUNDERLAND

BRISTOL ROVERS

STOKE

PLYMOUTH ARGYLE

BRENTFORD

GILLINGHAM

GAINSBOROUGH TRINITY

SOUTHEND UNITED

NORTHAMPTON

MID RHONDDA

CATFORD SOUTHEND

DULWICH HAMLET

CLAPTON

WEST NORWOOD

v. CRYSTAL PALACE.

v. MIDDLESBROUGH.

v. MANCHESTER UNITED.

v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.

v. BLACKBURN.

v. NEWCASTLE.

v. SWINDON.

v. EVERTON.

v. MERTHYR TOWN.

v. COVENTRY CITY.

v. MILLWALL.

v. PORTSMOUTH.

v. ROTHERHAM COUNTY.

v. CARDIFF CITY.

v. QUEENS PARK R.

v. NEWPORT C.

v. ENFIELD.

v. WOKING.

v. LEYTONSTONE.

v. OXFORD CITY.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

READ THE INTERESTING NEWS IN "MY NOTEBOOK."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

It is not generally realized by the public how wide-spread and fearful in its effects is the drug craze. Its victims are among the brightest and cleverest in Society, who have induced the habit by taking sleeping draughts (or far more common) have discovered how easy it is to whip up both mind and body into unnatural effort by the aid of morphia, cocaine, and similar drugs.

If a list was printed of those who are what is termed "drug fiends" the public would gasp with amazement; but a reflection would explain the curious fits of alternating industry and idleness—or, too often, morality sandwiched in between degradation—that many well-known people suffer from.

The authorities are considering the question of appointing a commission to inquire into the question of the present rules governing the sale of drugs. If this body does ever meet the evidence will be startling.

What has happened to the fifteen or sixteen-year-old daughter of Lady M—— S——, since she appeared as a "wonderful child equestrienne" at a "rough riding" show a year or two ago?

What was the nature of the humorous "Limerick" written by a butler about his master, Canon ——? And was his dismissal the upshot of the discovery by the very reverend gentleman of a rough draft of the lyrical effort in the bathroom?

Why does a highly respectable—and respected—resident of Queen's Club Gardens feel so peevish when he hears the tuneless cry of "Swee-eeep!" outside his flat in the morning?

We fancy that the wedding of a rather hilariously-inclined inhabitant of the wilds of South Kensington would have been more decorous had he moderated his celebration—in its liquid sense—of the event just before the ceremony.

It was hardly in the most correct taste, while waiting for the arrival of the bride, to tell the officiating clergyman "the story about the old lady and the sweet pudding," or to offer to toss the best man for two "French and Italians" to be indulged in before the wedding breakfast.

And the organist must have felt rather aggrieved when the merry bridegroom pushed him off his stool and started an attempt to play "Hitchy Koo," remarking that "it was his own bally wedding anyhow, and he didn't see why he should not play his own tunes."

Is not a Jermyn Street money-lender rather elastic in his principles, considering that, despite his assertions that he "does not conduct business with minors," he regularly

advances large sums to certain bright specimens of British youth at —— College?

Would it not have been wiser of Mrs. A—— if she had burned the blotting-paper with which she blotted her letter to the Rev. Mr. Y——? And are not results pending which promise to be even more entertaining than the recent report concerning a vicar who disappeared?

Would not the father and mother of a rising young stage dancer be edified—if not gratified—to learn the real character, and past operations, of the pseudo-businessman, who has assumed a fictitious rank in the Army, who is paying his suit to another of their daughters?

What is the nature of the statements being made about a French professor at Finchley by a "step girl" who for some time past cleaned the entrance to his house?

Is it because a certain Western owner of house-properties is a member of the local municipal council that no official notice is taken of the deplorable condition of the drains in his houses and flats? And if so, does not this constitute a grave scandal?

We hardly think that a certain chorus lady will obtain more engagements if she persists in her admirable habit of displaying entirely unnecessary criticisms of the attire and facial appearance of the different agents and managers to whom she condescends periodically to apply for "shops."

Would not the house-surgeons and nurses at the Hospital, S.W., be well advised to insist that the occupant of the end bed in one of the wards can do all that takes place in the adjoining room?

A smart firm of London solicitors, busy with a case that if it reaches the courts, will provide plenty of material for tongue-wagging, who

Also, it should cause a certain class of persons fond of receiving people upon the strength of a high-sounding title without inquiry into their bona-fides to pause.

Not so long ago there appeared from nowhere a Hindu, who announced himself as an Indian Prince. In addition he possessed a remarkable and fascinating personality that played havoc with the unmarried (and some of the married) ladies of Bloomsbury.

"Circles" were held at which the "Indian Prince" discoursed in a mellow voice upon the enthralling subject of love, although he usually concluded his orations by touching upon the equally important matter of money.

A certain lady advanced him a thousand pounds, and she is compelled to go into court to recover the same. The tale of these "circles" will make pretty reading. "Indian Prince" is in reality of the coolie class.



CARRY YER STICK, GUV'NOR?

DO NOT DELAY IN SENDING FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Sketches and News from Stageland.

"Turnadot" is down. Its lavish pageantry and original education. It suffered too severely to last, by the absence of Sir George Alexander.

Professor "The Importance of Being Earnest," never gratify the box-office.

Mr. Bernhardt presents his "Spielmann" with Irvine, Cora Goffin and a company of 50 at the Palladium, shortly. I was present at the managerial audition and can assure you it is uncommonly well worth seeing; a very high artistic standard having been aimed at—and reached!



Popular Fred Kitchen in "Potts in Port."

"Eliza Comes to Stay," at the Criterion, per Mr. H. V. Esmond, Billy having dropped his short-lived fortune apparently in rather a hurry in response to stern box-office commands.

On March 4th, Mr. Loader produces "Her Side of the House" at the Aldwych. This is no allusion to Mrs. Langhurs's share of a butchered and bewildered Parliament—it is just the domestic tale of a matrimonial alliance.

A very well-informed theatrical personage informs me that Miss Ivy Sawyer is wanted by the Folies Bergère, Paris, for their next production.



Chit Berjae's of Riding Academy Fame.

As "Alice in Wonderland," at the Court and Savoy, and more recently as "Betty" with Dan Leno, junr., in "The Magic Bell," Miss Ivy Sawyer won golden opinions. Through misunderstanding, a wrong sketch appeared above the name of this charming little artiste last week, and, although it was a dainty sketch, I regret the mistake and tender apologies.

W. R. C. R.

"MODERN MAN" CO-OPERATIVE THRIFT SCHEME INAUGURATED BY YOUR EDITOR.

The gratifying fact—demonstrated conclusively by the large number of enthusiastic communications sent to me from my friends all over the British Isles—that our Co-operative Thrift Scheme has been received with acclamation by my readers has prompted me to devote this column to a series of weekly notes on the progress of *Modern Man*—in other words to a friendly chat between *you* and *I* on the subject of *our* paper. I shall not rest content until the very last man and woman among my countless readers has become a partner with me in what is the greatest money-making and money-saving scheme in the history of business.

In every walk of life—in great factories and workshops, in business offices and commercial houses, in shops and stores on railways and in mines, in motor works and warehouses—countless thousands of men and women are working hard to make money, and to save as much of that money as possible so as to turn it into more. This is where I, your Editor, come in with my Profit Sharing Thrift Scheme, to help you to put by your money to the best possible advantage. You need no telling that *Modern Man* is the best and most potentially lucrative penny illustrated weekly paper on the market; and *you* and *I* are going to make it—and this means *ourselves*—the wealthiest concern in the world of publishing.

My savings are invested, I am glad to say, in *Modern Man*; I want to give you the chance of storing up yours in it.

How You Can Save Your Money.

To become a partner with me in the concern all you need do is to purchase the minimum of Five Shares at One Shilling each. This means that you pay Five Shillings in all; and note well that having paid your five shillings your shares are *fully paid*. There is no further liability to you. Your Five Shillings are then invested at excellent interest, your money lies in your name in the company's exchequer, and your interest is credited to you as it falls due. Possibly—nay, probably—you will feel inclined later on to invest more money by buying more shares, which will be credited to you in the same way. All shares will be allotted on the terms of the Prospectus (filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies) and which appeared in *Modern Man*.

Fill up the Application Form printed for your assistance below, stating whether you require only Five Shares, or whether you wish to obtain more interest by putting by more of your money in the purchase of shares. If so, please state how many more shares you would like us to reserve for you.

Enclose your Postal Order or Cheque for as many shillings as you require shares and the thing is done.

You are then an absolute partner with me in one of the most prominent publishing businesses in the trade—and there is not a shadow of doubt that with *you* and *I* working together as friends and partners, *our* paper will eventually stand head and shoulders above every one of its rivals.

YOUR EDITOR.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1903.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.
GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby apply for and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full
Mr., Mrs., or Miss
Address
Description
Usual Signature
Date

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

ON THE BALL.

Teams and Their Prospects.

It is indeed unfortunate that this football betting business should disclose the fact that one or two professional players have allowed themselves to be used as a medium for distributing the betting coupons so widely circulated throughout the country, since it tends to bring the game into bad odour, even though the cases are isolated. It naturally follows that there will be all sorts of enquiries and not improbably a lot of unpleasantness will follow, but as to that we have to wait a while.

I dealt pretty fully with the cup tie prospects in the third round last week, but did not, of course, know what team Everton had to meet. I was somewhat certain, however, that whichever it might be the "Toffymen" would have a fairly easy task on hand, and wrote accordingly. They will surely get the better of Bristol Rovers at the first time of asking.

Of the ordinary League games set for decision in the First Division this week, only one will be played, that between Bradford City and Chelsea. They meet on the ground of the former, and it should be a good thing for the homesters.

A Tough Struggle.

In the Second Division, only two games are interfered with on account of the cup ties, these being between Barnsley and Bradford and Huddersfield and Burnley. Of those remaining I should say that Birmingham will get the better of what must be a tough struggle against Hull, and so move up a peg.

Bristol City should get the better of Glossop. Bury, although not by any means playing a great game at present, may be equal to getting the best of Leicester. Fulham are at home to the Wolves, and should get both points out of the game, but Clapton, who visit Notts Forest, cannot hope to be so fortunate, and will in all probability get worsted. Preston North End go to Leeds, and although it is no certainty for them to do so, I shall look to them to still further strengthen their position at the top of this division.

Coming to the Southern League, I shall name as one of the surprises of the day the victory of Brentford over Millwall. On paper, this does not seem likely, but the "Lions" have almost always been unfortunate when visiting Griffin Park, and the "Bees" can still play a bit, and are very sanguine about keeping up their record so far as Millwall are concerned.

What Gillingham Should Do.

Gillingham should get both points out of their meeting with Portsmouth, and Plymouth, who have twice administered a 6-0 defeat to Coventry during the last four years on their own ground, ought to hold their visitors safe on this occasion.

PRINCES AND THE SEA.

The career in the Navy of the popular young cadet, H.R.H. Prince Albert, reminds one that the fashion of sending Royal Princes to sea dates back to the reign of George III. He made the precedent by sending his third son, afterwards William IV., to be a midshipman at the tender age of nine. He had a harder time than a Royal midshipman is likely to have in these days.

The story goes that in Prince William's first week on board a shipmate drubbed him soundly for "giving check." The Prince threatened to tell his father. "Oh!" said the sturdy Briton, "I would serve your father in the same way if he was in your place and behaved so unlike a gentleman." Years after when Lord High Admiral the Prince met the officer and said, "Are you the man who gave me my first hiding at sea?" "Oh, your Royal Highness, I—I'm sorry for it!" replied the other. "Well, I'm not," answered the Prince, "for it helped to make a man of me."

A remark always made by the other fellow: "I don't see what that girl saw in that fellow to marry him."

MY NOTE BOOK.

£5 PER WEEK FOR LIFE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

As Editor of your favourite paper I do not intend to allow the grass to grow under my feet, as the old saying is, but rather be up and doing, and at the time. *Modern Man* stands for progress, and with the help of my readers scattered about in all parts of the Kingdom and in foreign Dominions means to remain, as I have described it: "The best and most up-to-date pennyworth on the market."

As a casual glance at this week's issue will have shown you, there is much upon which I might comment in my Notebook.

To begin with, there is what I feel certain my readers will consider it, the magnificent alteration in connection with the Football Competition. The skill which thousands of my readers have been showing in the matter of casting the results of matches so far this season, has been splendid, and every week I have been fully expecting the opportunity of being able to shake by the hand the winner of the premier prize—£250.

Although frequently many competitors have come very near a correct forecast of all the results, still the premier prize has not been won. This being so, I decided, starting with this week, to recognise the efforts of competitors by substantially increasing the awards.

Instead of £250 as the premier prize I offer my readers a pension of £5 per week for life; and, what is more, any competitor succeeds in sending in a complete list of all the results, 10s. per week for two years will be paid to the reader who is nearest correct. Then again, as you will have seen by reading the full details on page 1913, the energetic agent or bookstall clerk, as is only fair, has not been forgotten. Here there is the prospect of 5s. per week for years being won.

Such an all-round offer as this can certainly be regarded as constituting a record in journalism, and an incentive to readers to put their knowledge of the popular winter pastime to the fullest possible test.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

Not a solitary reader of *Modern Man* should permit this opportunity to obtain a pension for life to pass unregarded. Furthermore, you must tell all your friends about it, and indeed the chance of a life-time, and I am certain that the additional encouragement which I have resolved to provide my readers with, will arouse tremendous enthusiasm. £5 per week for life is what I offer you, why shouldn't you be the fortunate possessor of it?

It can be won, and to achieve success you can send in as many coupons as you like. Start in dead earnest and do not relax your efforts.

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS. AMAZING SERIES.

The curtain having rung down on the thrilling melodrama, "Sir," *Modern Man* has arranged to furnish its readers with a series of the most amazing stories of Royal and Noble love affairs that have ever been penned. The first is given this week, and is a sensational pen picture of the extraordinary career of the vagabond Princess of Wales. It will fascinate you from beginning to end, as will all the amazing accounts which have been fortunate enough to secure for publication in our favourite paper.

The space I allot myself being almost full, I must refrain from any further comment on this subject till next week. In conclusion, however, I must just add a few words about my cooperative scheme, which I have already dealt with in the previous page. My scheme, which has been so warmly endorsed by readers North, South, East and West, is now being put into effect. This is just as it should be, and I shall not be satisfied until every share has been allotted, thereby securing for my readers a proprietary interest in the good old *Modern Man*. Once again, I extend my hand to you, for the spirit of your interests are my interests.

YOUR EDITOR

EVERY READER SHOULD BECOME A PART-OWNER.



**IN HONOURED MEMORY.
COMMANDER R. F. SCOTT.**

To-day all the world is thinking of the terrible fate which befell Robert Falcon Scott, the Polar Hero, and his loyal band of comrades, when, full of pride, they were returning home after attaining their goal. Commander Scott and four of his devoted followers have crossed the bourne from whence no travellers return; but, as has been said, their names will live as examples of the highest form of courage. Captain Scott will always be remembered as an ideal English sailor and one of the finest types of modern men.

The *Modern Man* series of modern men have only honoured the living; Captain Scott is dead, but he has left such inspiring words and a brilliant record behind which should stir the hearts of every white man.

Immortal as the last words of Nelson should be the last words of Robert Falcon Scott, written down in the lingering hours of his death in the Great White Waste.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., C.V.O., was a true son of Devon. He was born at Devonport on June 6th, 1868, in a house which, strangely enough, was known as Outlands. There he imbibed the traditions of the land of Drake, and, with a true Devonian's devotion to the sea, entered the Navy at the age of fourteen.

He was on the "Empress of India" in 1896, and, finally, in 1898 and 1899, was torpedo-lieutenant on the "Majestic," under Prince Louis of Battenberg and Captain Egerton.

Captain Egerton, who himself had Arctic experience, recommended Captain Scott for the command of the Antarctic expedition which sailed in the "Discovery" in August, 1901, and returned in 1904.

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

SOME MEMS FOR THE LADIES.

Women are not as swift as men. It takes some of them forty years to reach the age of twenty-five.

Teaching Children to Obey.

Mothers so often are blind to faults in their own children, but perceive them readily enough in their children's play-mates. Habits of disobedience and selfishness not only mean heartache for the mother, but grave disadvantages all through life for the child.

I know a mother who has a dear little boy of two years. He is sunny-tempered, and is easily managed when anyone takes the trouble to make him obey; and yet the neighbours dread to see the child coming. The mother doesn't enjoy her visit, nor does her hostess. Unless he is watched, the child will drag down everything within reach, piling it on the floor, while the, unwise, but distracted mother cries: "Baby, baby, mamma will leave you at home next time! How can you be so naughty!"

How soon a child learns it doesn't have to obey!

At home this mother gives the child whatever it cries for, and to prevent the child's noticing things it might cry for, the words are spelled. Thus the mother, and the father who humours the child even more, go on piling up trouble for themselves, failing at the same time to give the child the training that is due to him.

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

"Nothing."

"So was I. It's wonderful the sympathy between two loving hearts."

Telephone Girl Now a Countess.

Quite a number of actresses have become titled ladies, and now, for a change, there is an interesting romance in which a former telephone girl figures prominently.

Ten years ago the new Earl Ashburnham married Miss Maria Anderson, daughter of the late William Anderson, of Fredericton.

Miss Anderson at the time was employed as a telephone girl, and during her services as such she made hosts of friends by her obliging and genial disposition. They have since rejoiced in her good fortune, and now heartily congratulate her on becoming Lady Ashburnham.

It was also Miss Anderson's position as a telephone girl that secured for her her present husband. He, it is said, fell in love with her on account of her pleasant voice over the 'phone.



"Surely this is an Old Master?"

"Why, my dear sir?"

"Because no modern umbrella would ever survive such a use."

No woman ever drove her husband to drink by her mouth closed.

Suffragette: If you come to our meetings you hear plain things.

Male Thing: Ah! and see 'em, no doubt.



Mrs. Jameison-Smythe (to the maid in her first place): "I mustn't keep on calling me Mrs. Jameison-Smythe. It's time you address me. You should say, 'Yes, mum, mum!'"

Sally: "Oh, I can't call yer mum, becoss that's wat I call my mother. But I'll call yer auntie, if yer like!"

How Royalties Sleep.

So far as sleeping accommodation is concerned, the most cases in striking contrast to the sumptuousments in which many a millionaire seeks repose.

The German Emperor favours an ordinary camp bed. Small iron beds satisfy the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. The new Mikado sleeps on a rug on the floor, with a bundle of bamboo sticks for a pillow, while the King of the Belgians can only be assured of a good night's rest in a hammock.

Alfred: Your wife has a private fortune?

Friend Parker: Very private. I've never personally acquainted with it.

Boom in Beauty Culture.

There is a boom in beauty culture just now. Women are flocking to the beauty specialists in order to have their "face-lifts" and "neck-lifts" and "cellars"—filled up.

By the injection of a secret composition all hollows can be perfectly filled. The operation is so simple that a woman can undergo it in the morning and yet go out in the evening without bearing any signs of the operation.

The composition which is used after a time develops a tissue of flesh. The cause of this boom in neck culture is, of course, due to the demands of the latest fashion.

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS SHOULD FASCINATE ALL



QUEEN CAROLINE.

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 1:

AMAZING LIFE STORY OF ENGLAND'S VAGABOND PRINCESS OF WALES.

elements of love, marriage, and divorce are nowhere so common as in the Courts of Kings. Royal alliances and royal marriages form a subject of enthralling human interest to all students of history. Why it is that Royal marriages should be so painfully prone to human folly is hard to say, unless it be that their marriages, being the result of "expediency," they are driven for the most part, after all, mere mortals like ourselves—to diversify the lives of people who are not usually associated with courts and coronets.

Even our good King George V., sober-minded family man that he is, has not escaped the imputation of having made a morganatic marriage, and the fact that the Queen who perpetrated the libel is now being hounded out of the country to post—and serve him right—in America, serves as a further illustration of the curious coincidence that the two last Georges of this country to bring their matrimonial affairs before the public in the form of legal proceedings were the first and last of the late Dynasty and the first George of the new. But while the recent prosecution was sprung upon the country so suddenly that ere many people knew it was impending, it was over and done with, the matrimonial troubles of King George IV. were made the greatest cause célèbre of this country had during the last century, while the instances which led up to the trial of George IV.'s alleged high treason were the subject of a tremendous scandal, which provided the gossips and politicians with endless speculation for twenty years.

Which Knocks Spots off Fiction.

A recent action for libel against the Greek Mylius, brought by our sailor King, was a mere flash in the pan compared with the tremendous action brought by King George IV., for that was no less than a charge of high treason against his own Queen on account of her alleged adulterous relations with certain foreigners abroad. Queen Caroline, in her romantic career of so extraordinary a character that the most romantic fiction contain nothing to excel it in its successes and surprises. She came to this country as the bride of the Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—while still fresh, charming, and vivacious, and as she was the daughter of the then King's sister, the country hoped from a match the maximum of felicity in Court and country. Within three months these hopes were utterly destroyed. Almost before the honeymoon was over King George had driven his young wife into what proved to be a life-long misery.

Royal Family's "Plum-pudding Face."

Truly never was a Princess of Wales so shamefully ill-favored. It is true Her Royal Highness had some curious characteristics of character. She loved to sprawl about on the carpet and other people sat decorously upon their chairs. She had a truly German love of good beer—only when she went to a public house and called for ale she pronounced it *oil*, and some of her friends got it. She had, too, the tongue of a virago, called "liars" to their faces, swore glibly, and said the Duke of Cambridge (father of the late Duke) "looked just like a pig with his ears full of powder," and that the whole family all had plum-pudding faces, that the Duke of Devonshire, her husband, the Prince of Wales, was "to have a seat under any old dowager's table, and sit there and be bored."

Less than nine months Her Royal Highness had the only child of her marriage with the future

King George IV. Not long after Her Royal Highness made the acquaintance of a Lady Douglas, the wife of an officer who resided at Blackheath. With Sir John and Lady Douglas resided from time to time a handsome and distinguished brother officer, Sir Sidney Smith. This gentleman found favour in the eyes of the Princess of Wales, and, obtaining a key of the Princess's house, he used to repair to Montagu House, Blackheath, at dark o' night, and in due course another baby took the place of honour in the Royal household.

Who was William Austin?

About this child there has always been a mystery. The Princess in later life always said it was the child of a poor woman of Deptford named Austin. But when Lady Douglas was commanded by the Prince of Wales to make a complete statement of the facts she swore that the Princess had told her before its birth that she was with child, and that after it was born she, Lady Douglas, used to watch the Princess attending to the child. Every service of every kind to the child was performed by the Princess herself.

Curiously enough, the little Princess Charlotte—the heiress to the Throne of England, by the way—and the mysterious baby who succeeded her at Blackheath, both had red wine marks on their hands. Another gentleman who was in the good books of Her Royal Highness was a Captain Manby, of the Royal Navy, and in due course stories began to get to the ears of King George III., and a commission was issued, under the Royal sign manual, appointing Lord Erskine, the Chancellor, and Lords Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenbrough, the Lord Chief Justice, to inquire into the Princess's conduct. The Princess's daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was taken from her, and they were only allowed to meet once a week in the presence of other persons. The proceedings of the Commission have ever since been known as "The Delicate Investigation," and "delicate" they certainly were.

Assassination of Spencer Perceval.

However, the Commission loyally returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," but the scandal was by no means scotched. The Princess was alternately refused and restored to the Court, but her husband, now the Regent, was extremely vindictive. Only three published copies of "The Delicate Investigation" ever filtered to the public, and for these the most extravagant prices were given. The King was now hopelessly insane, and the Prince of Wales nominally Sovereign, but the Princess, although exonerated, was under the ban of the Court. Just at the moment of her direst need her ablest advocate, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, was shot dead in the Lobby of the House of Commons. The Princess was entirely deprived of the society of her only daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

Talk of the County for 10 Years.

The Princess, therefore, publicly appealed to Parliament for protection, and the whole Empire talked of nothing but the pros and cons of the Princess's case. For ten long years the conduct of the Princess of Wales and the scandalous amours of her husband were the talk of the country. The wonder is the Monarchy survived at all.

Apart from the scandal, the importance of the matter may be understood from the fact that if Lady Douglas's oath that the Austin child was the child of the Princess was true,

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY. SEND FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

the baby was heir to the Throne of England. However, the loyal citizens of London were the first to hasten to the Princess with their congratulations upon her acquittal. Notwithstanding this, the Regent sent a letter to the Queen, admonishing her of his intention never again to meet his wife, either in public or in private. Thus another excuse was given for the washing of Royalty's dirty linen in the House of Commons.

Persecuted Princess Leaves the Country.

At last the unhappy wife of the Regent determined to leave the country. Leaving England one day in the August of 1814, the Princess of Wales first turned her footsteps in the direction of her old home in Germany. There she naturally hoped to find that peace which the environment of one's childhood is supposed to bring. But the Princess was full of nerves and irritation, and her people received her so coldly that it was not long before she was off upon that series of wanderings about Europe which resulted in the *liaison* which was to bring about her final downfall. To the warmth of Sunny Italy the Princess then turned in the hope of obtaining relief from her sorrows. By this time she had become reckless of her reputation, and, full of bitterness and chagrin, she threw herself into a life of pleasure which set all the scandalous tongues in Europe a-wagging.

Strange to say, at that time she shared the distinction of occupying the minds and tongues of the courtiers of Europe with another Princess of high birth, Marie Louise, the Austrian wife of the great Napoleon. Separated from her husband, Marie Louise, an Austrian archduchess, had for the time settled in Geneva, and was whiling away her days in an outrageous *liaison* which shocked all her relatives in Vienna. And it was in the very same building, and in the very next suite of rooms to that occupied by the ex-Empress of the French, that the Princess of Wales installed herself!

Setting Fate at Defiance.

Together these two beautiful Royal ladies set Fate at defiance. For several weeks the Princess of Wales "made things hum," as we say nowadays, in Geneva, and then she went off to Milan. Always close at her side was the boy William Austin. He called the Princess "Mother," and was looked after by the Princess with every mark of maternal tenderness. At Milan queenly honours were accorded to the Princess by everybody—except the English, who looked coldly upon her, and secretly hated her for bringing their country into contempt. The Count di Bellegarde, the Austrian Governor, was the first to do the Princess honour; and at the Scala Theatre the same evening she was greeted by a tremendous outburst of applause. It was in Milan that the Princess met the man who was to be her ruin.

The Count di Bellegrade gave a banquet in the Princess's honour; there she was introduced to a tall, handsome soldier, Barthelmy Pergami, who had fought under the Italian flag, until a duel with a brother officer had made his escape from Italy necessary. Pergami had become a needy adventurer, and as soon as he saw admiration in the Princess's eyes, he laid himself out to win her intimacy. And he succeeded. A man of crafty mind, and quite conscienceless, Pergami soon had the Princess of Wales in his toils. He persuaded the Princess to go with him to Tuscany, and before she could realise the awful consequence of her act the Princess was the adventurer's paramour.

English Spies in the Princess's Own Palace.

In her defiance of Fate the Princess now threw all conventionalities to the winds. On her arrival in Rome the banker Toronia gave a ball in her honour, and the Princess turned up in a "costume" that put all the ladies to shame.

It consisted of a single thin embroidered garment, fastened beneath the bosom, without a corset, and without sleeves. The Princess was very vain of her arms, and on her arrival at Naples King Joachim Murat gave a "rout," at which the Princess appeared in so negligé a costume that the other ladies compelled her to withdraw and re-attire herself. In Naples the English residents cut the Princess dead. But so long as the infamous Pergami kept closely by her, the Princess cared nothing. Thoroughly infatuated with her Apollo, she abandoned all restraint, and at Pergami's bidding she one by one discharged all her retinue, their places being taken by Pergami's relations. At last the Princess reached Como, with which she was so charmed that she purchased a beautiful mansion situated at the foot of the Lake. But the spies of her husband, now the Regent of England, were all about her, even in her palace at Como, and as warning followed warning of the stories they were setting forth in despatches about her goings on with

Pergami, the Princess eventually decided to leave on a long tour of the East.

The Princess now simply showered honours "fancy man." She made him her Grand Chamberlain, bought him an estate in Sicily carrying the title of *della Francini*; she obtained for him a knighthood of the knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, as if she could not make him sufficiently glorious, she instituted a new Order of Knighthood, that of St. C. with Pergami as its Grand Master. From Sicily the Princess and Baron Pergami travelled through Tunis, Algiers, Greece, Jerusalem and Egypt, the Baron sleeping the same tent as the Princess *en flagrante*, and on her return to Como she danced as Columbine, wearing her long rings, whilst the Baron danced as Harlequin, wearing the Princess's.

Princess becomes Queen-Consort of England.

The Princess of Wales had by this time become the audacity of the spies from England, and her restless spirit led her off upon another series of travels through the Tyrol, Austria, and Northern Italy. Her wild career of gaiety was interrupted for but a moment by the news of the sudden death in child-birth of her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who would, had she lived, have been Queen of England. The Princess fainted on hearing the news, but Pergami consoled her, and her bereavement failed to bring the Princess of Wales to her senses. Day by day the spies of the future King George were piling up the mass of evidence which was to be against the Princess should she ever set foot in this country.

And, that day was now imminent. One morning in February of 1820, John Sicard, the Princess's majordomo, burst upon the Princess with "Madame, you are called to England!" Old King George had died at the Princess's husband was now King George IV. Consort of England, therefore she determined to go once to this country, and to be crowned with it.

New Queen Struck out of the Prayer Book.

Fourteen years to a day had passed since the first of immorality had been brought against the Queen, and the whole lurid story blazed forth again. But the Princess had the country with her. Wherever the Queen went she played and the people mafficked.

Meanwhile King George the Fourth chewed the unpopularity, and framed indictments of her under a Bill of Pains and Penalties. By the most subornation and perjury the King had got together a mass of the adulterous *liaison* between the Queen and her lover, Pergami, at Como, and a crowd of Italian spies were brought over to bolster up the charges. The King of Dover gave them such a rough time upon their journey that they had to be shipped off to Ostend, this country too hot to hold them. Meanwhile Lords and Commons hoarse on the subject of the new Queen's exclusion from the Liturgy, and the controversy raged for months.

At Court to calumniate the Queen was now the road to Royal favour, and to wealth and titles of nobility. The date of the trial of the Queen under the Bill of Pains and Penalties, having been fixed, there began a series of processions to Fulham—where the Queen stayed at the burg House—with addresses of confidence and respect.

Trial which Cost over £200,000.

For many days the trial of the Queen progressed, over £200,000, and each day the Queen drove through the streets of London through crowds of loyal and cheering people. How the First Gentleman in Europe must have enjoyed it! At last, on the 10th of November, 1820, the Lords returned a verdict of "Innocent," and London lit up in joyous celebration of the Queen's vindication. The result was a scoop for the late editions, and the yells of the people were added to the noises of the squibs and crackers in the streets. The *Courier* and the *Morning Post* refused to print up in honour of the Queen's acquittal, so the people read their windows, and the Riot Act had to be read in the military brought up. A few days later the Queen's procession to St. Paul's, and seats "to view" realised high prices.

From the time of Queen Caroline's vindication celebratory addresses poured in from all parts of the country, and the lawyers were kept busy with actions arising from this twenty-year-old Royal scandal.

ANOTHER AMAZING STORY WILL BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK. ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

FOR FULL DETAILS OF OUR FOOTBALL PENSION OFFER SEE PAGE 19.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Movements.

For the past week Al. Palzer, the huge Iowan farmer boy, when getting over the effects of his trans-Atlantic trip, did not agree with him a bit, and caused him to lose of superfluous flesh. He is now looking around for a matches to get him in trim for his proposed match with in June. It is doubtful, however, if the can find it in their hearts to allow the to leave their protection until he has accounted for alleged misdemeanours.

Palzer says a lot of nice things about Billy Wells, and he will beat Luther McCarthy. He ought to know, nobody did.

Wells had no difficulty with Paul Brevieres on last, and the French lightweight, Legrand, will to avenge his fellow countryman's defeat by Freddie to-night, at Sheffield; while yet another man will be up against our champion next Monday, Max Vittel is due to come up to the scratch.

Pat O'Keeffe always seems to run his head into luck that happens to be knocking round, no how he tries to avoid it. At the end of the fourteenth of his contest with Private Harris, Pat was leading in the last round evidently impressed the by recent happenings, these hurricane to be a paying game at the National.

White, once a lightweight champion, tried his luck "come back" stakes last Monday with the inevitable A true, though American, ring adage says "They back."

Bettinson is said to have offered a purse for a return match between Driscoll and Moran, but if Driscoll has his and scored on the right way he will be satisfied with his record without taking any chances.

First, the Yankee lightweight, will be given a chance his paces on Thursday, when he is down to box at Liverpool.

usually acts up to his name, the American to keep his eyes open, otherwise he will get them

CYCLE MEMS.

Man authorities have given formal permission holding of the 1913 T.T. races in the Island. The, however, was given with some reluctance, as complaints were received of the conduct of motor-cycling visitors, who made themselves an intolerable nuisance last Sunday scorching, riding up and down the Douglas with open exhausts, etc. The complaints, it noted, are not against the A.C.U., who organise the competitors themselves, but against an the crowd of followers who seem totally indifferent for gentlemanly behaviour.

I should think that one or two smart fines on would act as a wholesome deterrent to these road

is on foot to organise races at Brooklands "old boys" representing their respective public. A ready response has been made to appeals, and interesting races should result, and there is always chance that some first-class amateur riders may be red.

respondent suggests that a trial of mudguards be a good idea, and all motor cyclists, I am sure, heartily endorse that opinion.

If such a test were held, some of our leading manufacturers would find that their present idea of what constitutes an efficient mudguard would guarantee them a place amongst the "also rans."

"MODERN MAN" SHARES ARE AN ATTRACTIVE SPECULATION.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



FOR THE CALVES

My sketch this week depicts a very useful, if not graceful, exercise. The ankles and calves are the parts developed.

Stand at attention, placing the hands at the back of the thighs in the position shown in the sketch.

Tense the arm muscles and bend the knees slowly forward, bringing the body as far down as possible without losing your balance.

Take great care throughout this exercise to keep the whole of the foot flat on the ground, for if you let the heels rise as you come forward, you will lose half the benefit to the ankle.

Having sunk as low as you can without overbalancing, pause for a second and rise slowly to the upright position again. Repeat the exercise some half-dozen times.

The head and neck must be kept in an upright position all the time, and not allowed to go backwards in a line with the body.

The Value of Air.

The habit of sleeping with the bedroom windows wide open has now become so general that it seems almost superfluous to remind my readers of the necessity for breathing in fresh air all the time they are asleep.

During your daily labours you are probably compelled to work in an office or in a shop which is badly ventilated.

The time when most of us can get fresh air is at night, and therefore I would urge you to have every window in your bedroom open at night, and to the fullest extent.

Care of Teeth.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred, ill a man is heir to arise from errors in digestion, set up in most cases from imperfect mastication of food.

Excessively hot foods and ice-cold drinks ruin the enamel of the teeth. Acids are equally to be avoided.

Strict cleanliness in washing out the mouth after each meal and brushing it with a moderately hard brush will do much to preserve the teeth. Above all, brush them well at night.

Three of the cheapest forms of dentifrice are powdered charcoal, common salt, and Condy's fluid. A few drops of the latter in a glass of water makes a cheap and deodorising mouth-wash.

HEIGHT INCREASED

By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No Medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars to PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.



THE EDITOR

of "PITMAN'S JOURNAL" says regarding "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture":—"No better course of scientific mental training could be desired than this series of lessons which are admirably adapted for self-mastery." (See Pitman's Journal, Jan. 18th.) By means of "The St. Settef Course" you can develop your Will-Power, Concentration, Self-Reliance and Personal Magnetism to double their present strength in a few months. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d. extra). The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man," the Editors of "Public Opinion," "Health and Strength," "Health and Vim," etc., also recommend the Course.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, H.B.



HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.



MEN WHO LEAD DOUBLE LIVES.

Middle-Aged Men the Worst Offenders.

To the average man who reads occasionally in his newspaper of some misguided individual tripped up in the act of living a double life—the notoriety achieved by the “vanishing vicar” who has provided the Press with so much sensational “copy” recently is a case in point—the actual truth that in London alone there are at present numbers of men easily and unostentatiously leading “double lives” must come as somewhat of a shock.

It is, perhaps, fortunately not given to the man-in-the-street to know how rife this desire for a dual personality has become; and indeed this in itself is a blessing in disguise, for I am afraid it would eventually lead to the shattering of hundreds of happy homes.

It is an undoubted fact that here in London we are continually hobnobbing with “all sorts and conditions of men,” who as regards business are upright and honourable, and yet whom the demon of double dealing has claimed for his own.

Arch-Devils in Subterfuge.

As a deep student of human nature and naturally quite cognisant of many “side lights” on life in general, I have come to the conclusion that this double-life habit is a mania—terrible as it is in all its aspects—and the man once obsessed by it becomes an arch-devil in subterfuge, a very Sherlock Holmes in depth of cunning and reasoning, and a raving maniac concerning the object of his infatuation. Needless to say, money is necessary to the successful completion of his plans.

A noticeable feature is that it is not your notoriously gay man-about-town who is the chief offender; he at least is open in his “pleasures”; nor yet the youth. The real culprit is found in the middle-aged and elderly man. I could, with a word or two, bring disaster to many homes; homes where the head of the house is thought to be a devoted husband—and yet a woman-hater—a recluse even. Incredible as it may seem, however, I could show you this same grim householder acting the very goat in his amorous attentions to some woman who is living on his bounty in a smart little flat or country cottage.

And yet his lawful wife dreams of nothing amiss! He allows her plenty of money—absolute freedom. What good purpose would be served in shattering her dream—of bringing shame and mortification upon a trusting woman and her innocent children?

Clean-Living Commercial.

At one time it was the “commercial” who was supposedly notorious for running two or more “homes,” but to be quite frank and fair our big class of commercial travellers are, on the whole, a clean-living body of men. There must, of course, be the usual black sheep to say “Baa.”

No. I invariably find that this type of madness affects the man one least suspects, and, when once affected, there is no hope of a return to sanity. Closely I have followed the various stages of this mania, and have watched astounding histrionic powers develop in a man. He suddenly becomes all things to all people. Why? Because he has a guilty secret; there is something to hide; he feels somewhat like a naughty boy who has stolen an apple and has only half eaten it—yet wants to make sure of finishing it!

His brain becomes rapidly diseased and his ideas of right and wrong perverted. His imagination grows by leaps and bounds, and eventually he falls a victim to his own toils. Later we find him, poor fool, paying heavily in coin of the realm for his double life; and he has now only one aim—to keep his duplicity a secret for ever.

He has galloped along the whole gamut of pleasure. Has it been worth it?

Merciful Way of Looking at it.

It is sad to have to admit that of a fair percentage of these double lives, the illegitimate one is really the happier. A man has met his affinity too late. He is outwardly true to his lawful wife, but were it not for the solace he finds in his “other” life he would be unable to endure the sight of the woman he has married for five minutes together.

In a way, one can find some excuse for this latter but, unfortunately, such men do not predominate. A greater number of these double-living men possess loving wives with whom they live in harmony, and children whom they are proud and fond. Surely the most merciful way of looking at the question is to assume that the lapse on the part of an otherwise honourable man is due to some special form of mania.

THE FERRIS

FIVE READERS DIVIDE OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE

No. 15 FOOTBALL COMPETITION

In connection with our No. 15 Football Competition five readers succeeded in giving twelve correct results in the matches played, and therefore divide the prize. The fortunate persons are—

H. M. SANDERSON, 24, Rushworth Avenue, Nottingham.

A. E. TUDOR, 3, High Street, South Norwood.

H. MOSS, Succombe High Road, Whetstone, N.

ARTHUR DEANS, “St. Germans,” Kings Lynn.

W. LAWLEY, Union Bank Chambers, Bedford Street, L.

Easy for You to Learn German

TO most people the thought of learning German produces a feeling akin to that which comes from the experiences before taking a cold plunge. Yet, after all, whether learning German is a task or a pleasant occupation depends wholly on the method of teaching. Here is an interesting letter on the subject from the Headmaster of a large Secondary College:

OXFORD, September 16th,

I gladly testify on behalf of the I.C.S. method of teaching Modern Languages—both eye and ear are simultaneously trained by means of the phonograph method, and finds invariably that the voice instinctively reproduces words seen and heard.

I had only six of the conversation lessons when I set off for a holiday in Germany two years ago, and experienced no difficulty in making my way along the Rhine and through Switzerland. During my time abroad I was several times mistaken for a German, and this naturally led to an explanation of how I had acquired my pronunciation.

As my registered number does not convey to an outsider any idea of my position, I may say that I have held the Headship of a large Secondary College for more than fifteen years, and for over four years I have held the Headship of a large Secondary College.

STUDENT, LB/35

There must be many readers of MODERN MAN desirous of ascertaining more about the unique method of language learning referred to in the above letter. An interesting booklet on the subject is sent free on application to the International Correspondence Schools, Limited, International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C. This booklet deals with German, French, Spanish, Italian, and also contains the history of the wonderfully successful International Correspondence Schools. This is the world-famous institution which has brought correspondence training to an advanced point of efficiency and success. It offers different I.C.S. Courses, including all branches of Engineering, Business Training, Advertising, Architecture, Poultry Farming, and practically every other occupation.

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“SIN”

Author of "Hush Money,"
"Convict 99," etc., etc.

THE SELF-BETRAYERS.

...secret recess gave her of keeping a watch on
...would be lost. For a week or two her fears had,

"Yes. Somebody had put him up to it. Well, for one thing there was a sort of warning message blown over the wall into one of the prison yards, while I was there. It saved my life by coming in the way just when he was going to take vengeance on me, pay me out for the business of the poisoned bread. It was in the writing of that girl, Jasmine Floyd, whom he had been engaged to once. He swore himself it was in her handwriting, though up to that minute he had believed her to be dead; and she told him somebody was coming to the prison with orders to do him harm. That put him on his guard, of course, and stopped my little game at the very beginning. But it would have been stopped anyhow, because he was primed, as I've told you. He knew all about my being the man who'd gone to his rooms that night of the robbery and planted stolen jewels there that had got him his sentence. He knew about my dropping my tie-clip and the letters "G. G." being scratched on it, and all about my having given the chap that picked it up a bribe to hold his tongue about it. That very chap had died in the prison just before I got down there. So, what between him and Jasmine Floyd, I hadn't got much of a chance to get the better of Harry Earle. He put me in a regular hole at last, so that I had to bolt to get out of his clutches instead of having him in mine."

YOUR EDITOR ON THE CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME. SEE PAGE 1915.

"But what's the good of your talking about Harry Earle's former sweetheart, Jasmine Floyd, writing him letters?" put in "Troop" impatiently. "She's dead and buried."

No slightest quaver in his voice had betrayed that any of the blood had existed between him and the girl he spoke of. And that girl, secretly listening, told herself that, of course, he did not want "Soapy Sam" to suspect that relationship.

"Well, that was what Harry Earle said," Soapy Sam replied. "He'd believed her to be dead. But he didn't believe it any more as soon as he saw her handwriting. He said then he'd swear she was alive. But anyhow, the main thing is that he himself is alive at this very minute, and if you want him done for you'll have to do it yourself from inside the prison. You thought him dangerous when you gave me the job of watching him, but he's a vast deal more dangerous than you'd any idea of then. He knows a thousand times more about who is guilty of the crime he is suffering for than you think he does. He's got me in such a tight corner that I was at my wit's end. I got myself into the infirmary so as to gain time, and then—well, I needn't tell you how I managed—but I worked at opening in the floor by the side of my bed, and one evening I slipped down through that opening into the place underneath where they keep the tools that the gardening gangs use. It had all been got ready for me down there. I found three bars of a window loosened, and a nice little coil of rope ready to my hand. Even with all that I still had a pretty bad time of it to get away. But never mind that now. The thing is that you've got to deal with Harry Earle quickly, or he'll be at your throats like a bloodhound. If you wait another forty-eight hours it may be too late. He's preparing to act. But don't you make the mistake of thinking that because he's inside the walls of Portmill he can't do anything. He knows so much that he's a danger to us from hour to hour. And now that he thinks that the woman he loves is alive, he'll be harder to deal with than ever."

Again the sensation of giddiness stole over the listening Jasmine Floyd. For the next minute or two she did not hear clearly; but she was aware that "Soapy Sam" was being given directions as to where to go to find safety and shelter.

Then her father and Stuttermann were left alone, and she heard them begin to talk about herself.

"She's alive," Stuttermann said, his voice getting more German in his agitation. "You needn't stare at me like that. It's the truth, I found it out to-night—an hour ago. I came upon her in your house, face to face. I never had such a shock in my life before. That girl who died here in this room must only have been one who resembled her. I shouldn't have thought myself there could be anybody else as handsome as she is anywhere in the world. But there's the fact."

"What's she been doing since?" gasped out Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise "Troop."

"Spying on us."

"Then you'll have to pay me back the money I paid you—the money that came to me on account of her death."

"Yes, I suppose so. But don't forget that I mean to marry her. You help me to get hold of her and we'll come out of this queer situation all right. Only I suppose this Harry Earle fellow must be dealt with first."

Faint and half-dazed, and with her blood chilled with horror from overhearing the plans made by Stuttermann and her father for striking again—this time from outside the prison—at the life of Harry Earle, Jasmine Floyd still managed to keep her post of watchfulness until another half-hour had passed. When she saw her father go out of the dining-room, Carl Stuttermann lumbered heavily up and down the room alone for ten minutes or so, and then another man came in.

She had never seen this man before, but there was something about him which made her instantly conclude that he was Stuttermann's brother home from mid-Africa. He looked a smaller, fatter, leaner Stuttermann, with his light complexion darkened by a hot climate and his teeth blackened by quinine.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed Carl Stuttermann. "So you've come a week sooner than I expected you."

"Yes. I thought I'd come to you first thing. I want some money."

"Well, you know how you can get it—by letting me have some more of that stuff."

"The poison?"

"Yes. I don't mind paying a good price for that."

The listening Jasmine drew a sharply desperate breath. The poison! How dared he get more of it after she had told him that she knew of it!

With her soul turning sick within her, she strained her ears to hear everything. No word did she miss. She heard all the bargaining and saw the exchange of the first supply of the deadly drug for a large amount in gold.

"It's practically undetectable still," she heard the man who sold it say. "You see, it's only known to a few mid-African natives. I'll send you some more later on. Perhaps you'll come round to my hotel to-morrow evening and have another talk."

He mentioned an hotel in Bloomsbury, but Carl Stuttermann shook his head.

No, I shan't go to that. You'd better come. It's safer talking here. You never know who's in an hotel."

When he had gone, Carl Stuttermann also went out, then Jasmine Floyd, feeling more dead than alive, ordered of listening, slipped out also.

She did not know what Stuttermann was going to do directly about herself, but she knew what she was going to do about him.

Back to the house in Eaton Square she went, going softly, keeping always in the shadow, and directly she got to the door she shut herself into her own room and wrote a letter to Stuttermann's brother, addressing it to the hotel where he had named as his present place of abode. The letter follows:

Dear Sir,—As the result of your supplying your brother Stuttermann, with a rare and deadly African poison, which I believe to be undetectable, he has committed murder. I expect from hour to hour to be called to account for his crime, or, more likely still, his crime, and I warn you that he arrested as accessory to his guilt unless you are willing to place yourself entirely in my hands.

I know the whole story, and therefore I can take steps for you if you choose to trust me. I can give you half-an-hour's reply in, but no more. Let me have an answer to the Eaton Square address at the head of this letter, telling me clearly once for all whether you agree to place yourself in my hands or not.

"Yours very truly,

"P.S.—If you address your answer to me by my initials it will reach me safely."

Jasmine was not afraid that those initials would betray Carl Stuttermann's brother, for no doubt he, a stranger, had never heard of her. "J. F." would stand to him for something like John Field or Fuller, or anything else as simple.

Nor would he think a woman had written the letter, although people called it charming, was as a man's. And she had made it stronger lately since she had been secretary to Lennie Shoreham. The answer came in the form of a letter, and was what she had expected. Carl Stuttermann's brother had taken fright. He had never doubted that "J. F." was a friend of Carl's, and of his, and so in his confidential reply he had put himself away utterly.

"Now I have them both in my power," Jasmine said to herself. "Carl Stuttermann will not dare after this to do anything against the life of Harry Earle."

And, summoning up all her courage, she wrote this letter to Carl Stuttermann.

"I have overwhelming proof of your guilt of poisoning a poor girl who died in your house and was buried in it, and I have proof, too, of your brother's complicity in the crimes—which complicity he has admitted. I will instantly, as it is my duty to do, unless you earn my pardon by publicly declaring and proving Harry Earle's innocence in the jewel robbery of which he has been convicted. Save yourself. This is the only way to save yourself."

"Answer me here, at Eaton Square."

Now in very deed she had put herself in danger; and as she had not been in in all her life before.

It was a risky thing to block the path of such a man as Stuttermann.

Acting on a sudden impulse, she rang the bell and the servant who answered it if Lord Clarestone had not come home yet?

"Yes, madam, his lordship arrived about half-an-hour ago. He's in his private sitting-room now."

She went to the private sitting-room and confronted the same young peer. It struck her that he looked pale and but she did not speak of this.

"Lennie," she said, laying her hand on her shoulder. "I've come to ask a favour of you. I'm rather in a hurry now. I have had to make an enemy of a man who was my friend at nothing. If anything should happen to me—that is, die suddenly and unexpectedly—I want you to make it known to Harry Earle that I love him with all my heart and strength to the very last. You must promise me to do this. And I hope you will keep your promise better than the one you made the other day to tell him that I was in love with him. You don't seem to have kept that very well. But you must keep this other thing I ask of you. Will you do it?"

"Yes, I'll do it." The answer came after a long pause from Lennie Shoreham's dark eyes. "But why should I take such danger?"

"Never mind now. You will know later."

CHAPTER XV.

THE ASSISTANT DOCTOR KEEPS HIS WORD.

When Jasmine had left the room, the young Lord Clarestone began to think uneasily of the pity of it that this man whom she loved so well should be kept apart from her.

"She loves Harry Earle as passionately as I do myself," he thought. "He does not want me. Nobody wants him. I have it in my power to give him his freedom; but I shan't—now that those detectives I've had working for me have found out his secret."

have found so many clues. It wouldn't take long to set him free if I told them to follow up the clue. But perhaps it is mean and unworthy of me to have stopped them just because he did not want me, and would not have me even though the peerage and the money came with me. I ought to think of his happiness and Jasmine Floyd's. After all, why should I keep from him what is his own just because I cannot have him for myself?—if I cannot have him, what have I to live for?"

She leaned back in the deep easy chair in which she sat. It was an old-fashioned easy chair and had only lately been put into this room. Since the death of the late peer a good many alterations had been made in the furniture of the house, and among other things this favourite chair of the late Lady Clarestone had been brought down from the lumber room, where it had reposed ever since the day of her death.

Lennie plunged nervous hands into the recesses of this chair. Suddenly the restless fingers touched a piece of paper. Drawing it forth quickly, the girl-peer looked at it and saw instantly that it was an old letter. The paper was creased and was yellow with age, but the writing was still clear. The note was from Lennie's mother to Lennie's father, and this is what it said:

"There are times when I almost feel I should like the truth about Lennie to come out. Blood is thicker than water, and Harry is your nephew, however you may hate him on his father's account. If a marriage could be arranged all would be well, but if not, I still feel that with the title as apart from the money, it is right."

"The whole body of the young Lord Clarestone began to tremble. If the mother had thought this, surely that was enough."

"I will make the sacrifice," the girl-peer said aloud. "It is the only thing that my love can do for him."

After tearing the old letter into a hundred pieces and tossing these pieces into the fire, Lennie went to the telephone and rang up a well-known private detective.

"I have changed my mind about the case of Harry Earle," she told him. "You must follow up the clues now, and work out his innocence as quickly as you can. Don't let there be an hour unnecessary delay."

Then a telegram was sent to Doctor Watson, Assistant Medical Officer at Portmill Convict Prison:

"Come by earlier train if possible. You must get here without fail to-night."

At nine o'clock next morning a messenger brought a packet to the Eaton Square house addressed to "Miss Jasmine Floyd, care of the Lord Clarestone." But that the address was written

in Carl Stuttermann's handwriting, she would not have known that the packet came from him, and was his mute reply to her letter of last night.

He had sent her complete proofs of Harry Earle's innocence of the crime for which he was enduring the horrors of penal servitude in Portmill Convict Prison at this moment.

"I will show these to Lennie at once," she thought. And then she inquired of Tigg if his lordship had left his room yet?

"No, miss, that he haven't. And what's more, it's my belief as there's something wrong. He gave particular orders that he was to be called at eight o'clock this morning."

"Doctor Watson is in the house," returned Jasmine Floyd, "I will ask him to go in."

And Doctor Watson went in forcibly for the second time to Lord Clarestone's sleeping-room. And this was how it came to be discovered that Lord Clarestone was dead.

With the prospect of a handsome legacy in front of him, the young assistant medical officer for Portmill did his part of the business well. He said he had often remarked at Tarmouth that the young peer's heart was in a weak condition, and there was no doubt now that the previous night's dose of veronal, though only an ordinary one, had been more than the heart could stand.

So specious was he and so certain was it that neither he nor anyone else could have had anything to do with that last dose of veronal that an inquest was avoided. For reasons of convenience, Jasmine Floyd had to be taken into the secret; so well did she and the doctor between them arrange things that the seventh Lord Clarestone was laid to his rest without more than three persons in all the world knowing that he had been a woman.

Harry Earle is Lord Clarestone now, and Jasmine Floyd is his lady. His guiltlessness of the crime for which he suffered has been proved abundantly; and the lovely Lady Clarestone has no need after all to be ashamed of her father, for Mr. Wellington Floyd, alias "Troop," was no more to her than a stepfather. Her mother, who is living with her, told her this in the depth of their humiliation when "Troop" was exposed as Wellington Floyd, and vanished suddenly in company with Stuttermann. There has been a rumour that both these scoundrels met with their death while mountain climbing a few weeks after their disappearance. But nobody believes this rumour, and the police are still hunting for them.

Lord and Lady Clarestone are very happy, but sometimes a wave of sadness comes over their hearts as they think of the last peer.

"Poor Lennie! Poor girl!" Jasmine says very softly.

(THE END.)

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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Stock Exchange seems to have got an attack of Balkan and Mexican nerves again.

There is very little business doing, and the public are leaving new issues severely alone.

The only firm market is Home Rails, buoyed up by good dividend results, and the hope that the Railway Bill will soon be passed on a basis acceptable to the Railways.

Great Northern deferred are still a good market, and North British deferred are a very attractive lock up at about 28½, as they already receive a 2 per cent. dividend.

South Eastern deferred now quoted 65½ are at a good buying price, as also Great Central Preference at 33.

My remarks about Grand Trunk Third Pref. have been fully justified, and the dividend just declared makes this £100 stock at 56½ look very cheap.

I should like all my readers to buy some Erie Railroad 100 dollar Common Stock at its present price of 31 to 31½. Particularly so, because the stock is not likely to go lower, but I am very strongly of the opinion that it will rise many points in the next month or two.

Any readers who are prepared to take a speculative risk should buy Mexican Railway ordinary now the stock has had a sharp fall owing to the fresh revolutionary break out.

The stock is cheap round about £50, and carries the half-year dividend to December 31 last, and payable in April next.

Business has been as slack as ever in the Industrial Market, a further decline having occurred in Marconis, but National Steam Cars keep steady at 37, and New Central Omnibuses still attract attention at about 42s. 9d.

Associated Cements have been rather freely offered in the last day or two, but in the textile group there has been some dealing in Calico Printers in view of the half yearly report now issued.

Newspaper and Printing shares are good. Amalgamated Press are now quoted at £7. George Newnes' 10s. shares at 14s., and Bowerman's Press 1s. shares, for which applications still come in, are attracting attention among readers of this paper.

Prices show very little change in the Rubber Market, and Business continues restricted. A few specialities are active among the smaller priced dividend paying ones, such as Chersonese, Bikam Rubber, Dolok now 2s. shares, and Yam Seng.

The price of Merlimau Rubber Shares has risen to 5s. 3d. since I drew my readers' attention to them two or three weeks ago. The prospects of this company are now excellent, and readers should secure a holding.

The only active shares in the oil market the last two or three days have been Spies, and Premier Pipe. In both cases the prices are slightly better. Maikop descriptions remain very dull, and despite the optimistic talk at the Black Sea meeting last week, the shares have not advanced in price.

The Mining Market still remains in an uninteresting condition apart from the wild fluctuation in Ropps among Nigerian Tin Shares.

Tin shares as a rule have been dull, but Ropps are up £1 or £2 one moment, and down again the next. Such shares are not for my readers to deal in, as it is only a wild gamble among those in the know and who have got the scrip.

The Malayan Tin Dredging, Limited, is making very satisfactory progress. A much better return is anticipated

for the month of February. The shares now quoted to 3 15-16 will go much better.

Casey Cobalt and Townsite keep steady, but better can be looked for in both these shares as soon as they start taking an interest in the mining markets again.

I give below this week's report from the Cobalt Townsite SILVER.—Estimated for week ended February 8th; value of product £4,773; operating expenses, £1,636; weekly £3,137.

I shall be pleased to send the name of a broker of my readers wishing to speculate or to buy or sell.

Kaffirs have mostly sagged in the absence of business.

In confirmation of recent rumours, a cablegram has been received by the London Committee of Rand Limited:—"Developments of mine have failed to produce any workable quantity pay ore, and as cash provided open up the property nearly exhausted, board of directors have decided to suspend operations end of March and retain approximately £10,000, which is considered for the protection of the company's property."

Rand Klip Limited was registered in 1895, and farms of an area of about 7,331 acres. In 1909 the value was reduced from £200,000 to £88,000 odd, and it was increased to £475,000 in shares of £1 each. The shares now quoted at about 2s. 6d.

BRIEF REPLIES.

F. M. (Galway).—The Scottish Iron and Steel, Leach's Argentine and Argentine Iron and Steel Preference Shares are all good class, but should improve as the respective companies become more established. They cannot rise very much, and should be sold for improvement. While trade continues good the Weardale shares profit by it.

Ida (Abergavenny).—Hold on to your Rhodesian Central. The shares you mention are very speculative, and I do not advise you at present price; but they might be worth speculating in at 3 15-16. Why not buy a few Bowerman's Press 1s. shares?

Tia (Newcastle).—I can confidently recommend Malayan Tin as I am sure they will go much better. You can buy now at 3 15-16.

Flutter (Harrow).—The best in the West African Group are Goldfields, Gold Coast Amalgamated, Broomassie, and Taung. Nigerian, Rayfields are the best, and Bauchi or Jos for a gamble.

Wood (Manchester).—Cobalt Townsite are worth holding for small price, and I think Casey Cobalt will also go better. For small rubber shares see my notes.

Speculator.—Buy 50 Spies and 100 Bowerman's Press 1s. Shares.

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You should never put on patent leather boots without first warming them, and when not in use, they should be put on boot trees.

The best dressing for patent leather is a little milk, applied with a piece of flannel. The shoes or boots should be thoroughly polished afterwards.

According to tests carried out some time ago, the Panama hat is by far the coolest hat worn.

Next comes the straw hat. Strangely enough the silk hat is cooler than the bowler, and the bowler less hot than the tweed cap.

About the hottest type of headgear worn is the motor cap.

The fashionable shoe-lace just now in a broad one. It should be about an inch in breadth, and good ones may be obtained for 4½d.

A safe method of preventing shoe-laces from becoming untied is the following: Make a bow, then insert a button-hook underneath the centre of the bow, and draw one loop and one end through.

By this means the bow is practically turned upside down, and thereby prevented from coming undone.

I always maintain that the most useful pocket in a man's suit is the hip pocket. When trying on your suit, be careful that this pocket is not so placed that you will sit on it.

It is not a bad plan to have two hip pockets, one on each side. You will thus be able to carry your pouch in one, and your pipe or cigarette case in the other.

Such bulky articles, if kept in the side pockets of your coat, are liable to spoil the hang of it.

RACING SELECTIONS.

As I shall have several further opportunities of dealing with the Lincolnshire Handicap I do not propose making any attempt at going into the merits of all the animals engaged, but will take one or two I have marked off as having a chance of taking the race.

The first of these is Spanish Prince, who, as I read the above the 8-0 mark, and I should most certainly advise those of my readers who like going for a long shot not to leave him out.

What I consider to be the really most favourably treated is what we call the bogey horse—Uncle Pat, who has only to run as well as he did in this race last year to read a reasonably good thing.

In regard to the National, I rather think it will be better to wait a week or two before attempting to back anything. The race will not take a great deal of winning this year, and possibly Highbridge may do it. He created a most favourable impression at Sandown recently, and is likely to fulfil most of his coming engagements, so that we shall have a further opportunity of forming an opinion as to his ability to get round at Aintree.

To-day at Manchester I shall expect to see Shanawan improve on his previous display and take the Salford Handicap Steeplechase, and the penalty incurred by Clifton Hill at Birmingham will not prove an effective stopper in the Stand Selling Hurdle. Several useful hurdlers are in the Brackley Hurdle race, and it is sure to be pretty exciting. I shall expect the improving Early Closing to go very close. On Tuesday, Tibet Chief should have little difficulty in taking the Selling Hurdle race. A Four-Year-Old Handicap will be won by Corncob, and the Broughton Handicap Steeplechase will probably go to Galoshes.

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